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Harriet Monroe

IN THE YELLOWSTONE

Little pin-prick geysers, spitting and sputtering;
Little foaming geysers, that spatter and cough;
Bubbling geysers, that gurgle out of the calyx of morning-
glory pools;
Laughing geysers, that dance in the sun, and spread their
robes like lace over the rocks;
Raging geysers, that rush out of hell with a great noise,
and blurt out vast dragon-gulps of steam, and,
finishing, sink back wearily into darkness;
Glad geysers, nymphs of the sun, that rise, slim and nude,
out of the hot dark earth, and stand poised in
beauty a moment, veiling their brows and breasts
in mist;
Winged geysers, spirits of fire, that rise tall and straight
like a sequoia, and plume the sky with foam:
O wild choral fountains, forever singing and seething,
forever boiling in deep places and leaping forth for
bright moments into the air,
How do you like it up here? Why must you go back to
the spirits of darkness? What do you tell them
down there about your little glorious life in the sun?

UTAH

It was a queer country your harsh Lord gave you,
Great Brigham, whom I see coated and curled